

THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL
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RUSSIAN CRITICISM.

THE Novoe Vremya, an official organ at St. Petersburg, is much pleased at the disagreement of the Senate with President Roosevelt over the arbitration treaties, and improves the occasion by slurring American diplomacy. Among the things to which it objects is Secretary Hay's note on the neutrality of China, and his demand that the administrative entity of that empire be respected in the present war.

It may be said in charity for the St. Petersburg paper that it slurs American diplomacy because it cannot understand it. It is a trait of the ignorant and superstitious that they either fear or laugh at what they cannot comprehend. The Russian idea of diplomacy is the antithesis of the American. The Russian idea has succeeded in all dealings with the khans, by which they were cheated and finally overrun, and it had a successful career in Eastern Asia until it encountered the Japanese, who replied to its paltering and falsehood by sinking a Russian fleet at Port Arthur and defying the Ananias of nations to join issues in battle.

The incidents and instances of Russian diplomacy in Eastern Asia are quite fresh in the memory of the world. She found in the Boxer rebellion an excuse to send an army south of the Amur River to join the forces of the concerted powers and move to the relief of the legations in Peking. After that relief was accomplished the foreign Ministers in Peking representing the concerted powers, in conjunction with the military commanders, made an agreement to evacuate Chinese soil at a fixed date. This agreement was made upon diplomatic honor and also upon military honor. Japan observed it, so did Great Britain, France, Germany, the United States and every nation concerned, except Russia. She kept her army on Chinese soil and made supplementary agreements, fixing other dates for evacuation, all of which she violated.

The purpose of this perfidy, this diplomatic and military dishonor, was disclosed when our Minister, Mr. Conger, notified his Government that Russia was trying to make a secret treaty, by duress, with China, using the presence of her army on Chinese soil to force the empire into the compact. Upon receipt of this information our Government protested, whereupon the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Lamsdorf, ordered his diplomatic representative at Washington, Count Cassini, to deny that any such treaty had been proposed, and to impeach the veracity of Mr. Conger. Following this the Chinese Foreign Office furnished Mr. Conger with an authenticated copy of the proposed treaty and a statement of the coercive means used by Russia to compel assent to it by the Chinese Government.

Now this series of events proved Russia to be destitute of diplomatic and military honor, and to have descended to common lying to impeach Minister Conger. Not only to the United States, but to other nations, Russia has disclosed this hardened disregard for truth and honor in her diplomacy. The most recent instance was her entirely false charge that neutrality had been violated by China. Had it not been for Secretary Hay that falsehood would have served as a pretext for carrying the war over into Chinese territory, which was its purpose.

The contrast between Russian and American diplomacy is perfect. Secretary Hay stated the purpose of using our army and navy in the Boxer war on Chinese soil. Their use did not vary a hair's breadth from that purpose. We left Chinese soil when we said we would. Secretary Hay wanted the open door policy in Chinese commerce. He said so to the other nations, and the open door is there. He wanted safety and respect for Chinese jurisdiction and territory in the present war, and said so, to the nations, and they assented. American diplomacy is direct, frank and truthful, and proceeds upon the fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. It has set the pace for the diplomacy of the world. Russia will rage and go on insisting that a crooked line is the shortest distance between two points, but her style of diplomacy is destined to disappear. Nobody believes anything that is said either by her military or diplomatic representatives, and her diplomatic and military honor is discredited and disbelieved. The Novoe Vremya sneers at the President's "cornucopia of arbitration treaties." Americans prefer it to Russia's Pandora's box of falsehoods, broken promises and perfidy.

TELEPHONES AND TELEGRAPHS.

A BULLETIN upon telephones and telegraphs, just issued by the Census Bureau, contains conclusive proof that these two inventions have passed beyond the range of conveniences and are now one of the absolute necessities of modern urban life. Leaving railroads out of consideration, there is no other common commodity that commands such a wide range of use or that answers so generally the demands of business and everyday affairs. Electric light and electric traction have not the grip upon present day necessity that these two contrivances for the speedy transmission of thought hold.

Thomas Commerford Martin, the compiler of these statistics, estimates that in the year 1902, for instance, there were no less than 5,000,000,000 telephone conversations carried on over the countless wires throughout the country. In 1880 the census recorded that there were 348 exchanges in the land; in 1902 there were 10,361. At the time when the latest figures were taken there were 2,315,297 telephone appliances in use, or one for every thirty-four inhabitants of the nation. In fact, the telephone is rapidly overshadowing the telegraph in general utility. The former interest was represented in 1902 by an outlay of \$348,000,000 capital as against \$163,000,000 invested in the latter. The telephone gave employment to 64,628 wage earners, and the telegraph to 24,978. The telephone has in use four times as many miles of wire as its companion contrivance.

The preponderance of general use which the telephone enjoys is in large measure due to the specialized functions given it in the conduct of large city systems. Mutual exchanges between business houses, the connection of departments of one large concern by telephonic communication and kindred elaborations upon the original function of the instrument have all made it one of the prime factors of industrial and social life to-day.

KILLING WOMEN.

IN the last two months the papers have recorded the murder and attempted murder of a score of women, either by jealous suitors or beastly husbands. To offset this only one woman was handy enough with the pistol to put the man out first. In most of these cases the same dismal story is told of the fool man threatening to kill the woman, and she, foolish on her part, neglecting to have him put under restraint.

It is time that lawmakers and the medical profession combined in recognition of this furor that attacks a certain sort of men. When one makes threats to kill a woman unless she marry or elope with him it should be classified as a special kind of crime, and be punished with the utmost severity. Such creatures deserve, and should have, no mercy.

It is a form of crime that seems to be upon the increase. It has struck down victims that had never desired nor encouraged the attentions that end in murder. Good women are made the prey of erotic fools, who force their presence upon them. Existing law is not sufficient to restrain or punish these creatures. We beg to suggest that the women voters in the States that have female suffrage can find in this matter a legitimate object of attention. Having the ballot, they can use it, if they will, to secure legislation that will be gladly followed in the non-suffrage States. The crime is getting to be the odium of our civilization. It is so common that there is a feeling of approval when a woman successfully conducts her own defense with a gun.

The Runaway
BY IZOLA FORRESTER.



"I want you to take Eleanor home to Ailsie, Bill."

"WANT to see Mr. MacDonald now, please."

The girl stopped short in front of Caxton's desk, alert and slightly aggressive. Caxton cut short his dictating and turned toward her with courteous attentiveness and inward annoyance. Many persons wished to see Mr. MacDonald—now. The position of private secretary to Mr. MacDonald required many diplomatic dodges and evasions. At first sight of the girl's face he was on his feet, looking down at her with eager, longing recognition.

She said it softly. It would never do to let the stenographer guess just how much it meant to her to see Billy at that moment, but perhaps Billy knew. He was a goose if he did not, with her looking into his eyes in the old, glad way, and her lips smiling a tremulous welcome at him.

Caxton's hand gripped the side of his desk. He tried to keep steady, to remember all that might have happened in three years, but all he could say was:

"You've come back." All her heart was in her voice. "Where's papa. I didn't know that you were here."

Caxton ignored her last remark, but it brought him up short from the rose-colored dreams of three years ago. "Mr. MacDonald is in his private office. Doesn't he expect you?"

"No, he doesn't." She hesitated with laughing nervousness. "I'm not sure of a welcome even. I've—Billy—I've run away."

"Run away? From Ailsie?" He had not even heard she was home. She shook her head.

"Not Ailsie. I haven't been home at all. I only landed this afternoon—on the 'Cedric.' You remember old Fanny, mamma's maid? She is with me. And I've run away from mamma and Europe, and Deighton."

"Deighton? I thought—" He stopped short.

"I know. Everybody thought so. So did mamma. So did Deighton. But I know you see." She raised her chin with the delicious air of authority he knew so well, and as their glances met her own was full of sudden elation.

"Billy, I couldn't stay over there. You ought to see him. And you know mamma. If I had stayed she would have tumbled me overboard sure as fate. So I simply ran away."

An electric button buzzed impatiently at Caxton's desk, and he glanced toward the door of the private office.

"Shall I tell him you are here?" "No. I want to surprise him. You stay right here, Billy. I'll answer that."

The man in the private room did not turn at the opening of the door. "Call up Judd and Holmes, Caxton. Tell Judd I'm not in town. You don't know anything about the M. K. stock, do you?"

Eleanor walked quickly over to the desk and folded her arms around his neck and laid her cheek to his.

"Hello, papa," she said softly. MacDonald jumped from his chair. She felt her first shock of shyness as he faced her. He certainly was not glad to see her. In fact, he looked beyond her at the door, with anything but a pleasurable expectancy.

"Where's your mother?" "In London, with old Lady Deighton."

His brow cleared, and he looked at his daughter with most attention. It was three years since he had seen either her or her mother. He had never denied to himself that their departure had been a relief. While there had been no trouble, as the world views domestic trouble, there had certainly been incompatibility of temper in large doses, and Mrs. MacDonald's sudden decision that Eleanor needed Continental finish had been a most welcome peg on which to hang the argument. The one great shock of Eleanor's reappearance had been the fear of the argument's immediate dislodgment from its peaceful peg of neutrality.

Eleanor gripped her gloves tightly. If only he would look a little pleasant. She plucked ahead recklessly.

"I didn't come over alone, papa. I brought Fanny with me. Mamma doesn't know that I'm here. Oh, please don't. Not just yet," as her father looked up to speak. "Please wait till I tell you. I know it was a terrible thing, but it was all I could do. Mamma had even set the day of the wedding, and I hadn't accepted him yet."

"Accepted who?" "Why, you know, Deighton. Mamma's little Lord Deighton."

MacDonald shook his head in dissent. "Your mother has not seen fit to keep me posted on current events in Europe," he said.

"We met him last winter in London," Eleanor went on. "Mamma simply grabbed at him. He was brand new, and had only just come into the title. And mamma told him all about us, or at least she told him."

MacDonald did not speak for an instant. He wanted to laugh. If it had been possible, he would have enjoyed parting with a small portion of that couple of million he was good for to have seen Mrs. MacDonald's expressive face when she found her plans had gone astray. As for the girl, he regarded her with a new sense of helplessness. He had never been an expert at dealing with the intricacies and eccentricities of the feminine character.

"Papa, I saw Billy Caxton out in the office. What is he doing here?" "Caxton went under. Bill's earning a living at present. I wouldn't rattle him if I were you. He needs a level head for a few years."

"And you are helping him?" Her voice was eager.

"He doesn't need much help; only a chance. The boy will land on his feet. Caxton died."

"Oh!" Eleanor drew in her breath sharply. They had been in trouble, and she had not known it. Billy might have written. He had never written to her at all. Suddenly the remembrance of the look in his eyes returned to her. He thought it would make a difference to her. She gathered her courage to the point of action.

"Papa, I think you ought to know—I don't know whether you do or not. Perhaps you do, and that's why you're good to Billy." She came over to his chair and perched herself on his arm as she used to do three years before.

"I like Billy, and I know he cares for me. He told me so three years ago. I promised him then there would never be any one else. That's why I

SERVIAN IS OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.



STOVAN ZIKITSCH.

STOVAN ZIKITSCH says he is the oldest person in the world. He has passed 117 years and has the records to prove it. Others have declared they are older, but Zikitsch refuses to believe them, because, he says, they haven't produced the evidence.

Zikitsch lives near Nish, Servia, and is wonderfully vigorous, with clear memory, good eyesight and strong, hearty voice.

He has much to say of his adventures in fighting against the Turks in his earlier years. He took part in the war which gave the Greeks their freedom.

THE MIRROR'S PHILOSOPHY

A mirror met, by chance, a window pane.

"Good friend," the latter begged, "can you explain."

Why our good mistress lavishes on you Such loving care and such devotion true. While I, though ever eager for a chance To serve, am seldom favored with a glance."

"The reason, gossip, is not far to seek." Replied the mirror as he rose to speak: "Through you each day her neighbors' charms are shown;

I, wiser, tell of nothing but her own." — J. Forsyth Smith, in Lippincott's.

A DOCTOR ON AUTOMOBILES

I know of no reason why a man or woman, with average intelligence, sound limbs and good vision, should not be able to successfully pilot an automobile over our ordinary country roads or city streets. It is remarkable how quickly one's timidity vanishes and how soon we attain a feeling of confidence. As we learn our machine we find that it is easy to control and simple to manage. The nervous patient, no matter how timid, need not fear to take the first lesson at the steering wheel; what appears to be difficult and perplexing at first soon becomes easy and fascinating. A good deal of nonsense has been written about the strenuous automobile face, and the effects of wind and dust upon the eyes and lungs.

Most of the faces I notice in the automobiles that pass reflect contentment and happiness. There is nothing depressing or particularly strenuous about riding in or driving a motor car at a respectable gait, even through the crowded streets. — Leslie's Monthly.

ran away, dear. I wanted you and Billy. Now, won't you let me stay?" MacDonald pushed the electric button under his desk. Caxton entered the room.

"I want you to take Eleanor home to Ailsie, Bill. You may telephone out for them to have things ready. She is not going back to Europe. I'll be out on the 4:45. I am going to cable Mrs. MacDonald."

He kissed Eleanor and went out of the office, shutting the door after him.

Caxton waited. He was not sure. Three years is a long time. Eleanor raised her tear-wet lashes and looked at him.

"Must I say it again, Billy?" she asked, and throwing judgment to the winds, Billy took the figure in brown close in his arms.

"Say it again," he said. Europe was far away. Eleanor leaned her head back on his shoulders and smiled up at him.

"There isn't anybody else in all the world," she said. (Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure.)

MAKES A NOVEL DEFENSE.

A blind man named Green made a curious defense at Birmingham, England, to a charge of smashing a plate-glass window worth £15.

He had been blind, he said, for seven years. On the night in question he cried for assistance to cross the road, but no one came. Then he heard some one at a distance, and struck at what used, when he could see, to be boards surrounding waste ground. He was astounded when he heard the sound of broken glass.

The jury acquitted him and he was discharged.

Iceless Budapest. Ice is so difficult to obtain at Budapest that an effort is being made to secure a law compelling all apothecaries to keep supplies of it for persons who need it in case of illness in the family.

Townsend's Cala, Glace Fruits, in artistic fire-etched boxes. 10 Kearny st.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 20 California street. Telephone Main 1042.

The Smart Set
BY SALLY SHARP.

Lawrence D'Orsay will be the guest of honor at the Sequoia Club this evening, the reception to take place at 11 o'clock. Mrs. Russell Cool will preside as hostess.

Bride bells will ring out in Santa Barbara's old Mission to-day for the nuptials of Miss Alice Bagon and Thomas Driscoll. Romance surrounds the affair, for "tis many a year since the marriage service was read in this house of the early padres, the antiquity of which attaches sentiment additional to the solemn rites. A nuptial mass will be sung by a male chorus and full religious ceremonial will attend the marriage. It will also be tinged with military setting, for the bride comes of a naval family, her father being Paymaster A. W. Bacon.

Miss Cornelia Kempff, Miss Eleanor Phelps and Miss Kittie Kautz, all children of the navy, are the chosen attendants of the bride.

The studio of Mr. and Mrs. Jules Mersfelder in the Lionhead building was filled with an assembly of artists on Saturday evening. Music, delightfully given by Miss Eleanor Connell, Nathan Landsberger, Homer Henley, Edward Moore, Mr. Housfelt and Mr. McCoy added to the pleasure of the evening. Among the guests were Mrs. George Carr, Miss Ednah Robinson, Mrs. Linda Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Miall, Miss Wishart, Mrs. Otis Bendix, Charles H. Lombard, Porter Garnet, Dr. George Redding, Dr. Arnold Genet, Amodeo Joulfin, Francis McComas, Charles Rollo Peters, Charles S. Aiken, John Gamble, Spencer Wright, Robert Aiken, Royden Williamson, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Henley, Mr. and Mrs. E. McNeil Moore, Philip Paschel.

The innovation of Sunday teas over which presides a man is fast becoming a favored success. The home of Eugene Lee, on Steiner street, an artistic and inviting domicile, was filled with tea guests last Sunday afternoon. Conversation and delightful music by several cultivated musicians passed the afternoon in a congenial manner. Assisting Mr. Lee were Mrs. Lee, Mrs. James Snook, Mrs. Harry Rice Mann, Mrs. Linda Bryan, Miss Ednah Robinson, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. David Erskine Allison Jr., Miss Eva Withrow.

One of the leading events for Thursday of this week is the musicale to be given in honor of Miss Marie Withrow and Mrs. Olive Reed Cushman. Mrs. John D. Sibley will be the hostess at the Colonial.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton will be the guest of honor at a dinner Thursday evening, given by James D. Phelan at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann will entertain a large number of guests in her Washington street home in March, when Arthur Delroy will entertain with his impersonations and card-reading. In April Mrs. Mann will give a dinner to Julia Marlowe, the famous actress, who will be in town for two weeks.

Mrs. Frank Deering will be one of to-day's luncheon hostesses. Miss Josephine Loughborough and Miss Azalea Keyes leave to-day for New York en route for foreign travel.

Mrs. Whittell and Miss Florence Whittell are at the St. Francis for a brief stay. Miss Whittell entertained many callers yesterday at an "at home."

Mrs. Robert Armstrong Dean and Mrs. V. T. Tingley Lawrence will be "at home" to-day at 1450 Leavenworth street.

Bridge, dominant and unduplicated of magnetic prowess, held sway yesterday in many homes. Among the attractive hostesses with several guests were Mrs. B. B. Cutter and Mrs. Frederick Hope Beaver. On Thursday bridge will be the motive for a gathering called by Mrs. Timothy Hopkins.

Mrs. M. P. Jones, who is giving a series of bridge parties, will entertain again on Friday of this week.

ANSWERS TO VARIOUS QUERIES.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPH.—H. C. D. W., City. Direct communication by wireless telegraph between Los Angeles and Catalina Island was opened January 15, 1905.

PLEASANTON.—Subscriber, City. Steam cars first passed through Pleasanton in 1876. Grading for the Alameda and Santa Clara Railroad (Narrow Gauge) was commenced September 27, 1875.

THE NAVY.—P. C., City. An enlisted man in the United States navy cannot be commissioned as an officer. Commissions are issued only to those who graduate from the Naval Academy.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—Subscriber, Ukiah, Cal. Address a communication to the principal of the normal school you wish to enter for a circular of information as to qualifications for admission and the course of studies.

BREWERY.—R. M., City. For information as to the amount of territory that is occupied in England by a certain large brewery and the number of men employed in the concern, address a letter of inquiry to the secretary of

the corporation. The information asked for is not obtainable in San Francisco.

COURSE OF STUDIES.—W. K., By applying to the principal of the Commercial High School or the principal of the Polytechnic High School you will be advised as to the course of studies therein.

WANTS TO KNOW.—W. R., Fairbanks, Cal. This correspondent wants to know the history of the digging of a ditch by monks between a cloister in Northern Peru which enabled them to row in a small boat to a river that is tributary to the Amazon. Can any of the readers of this department advise him?

SOLDIERS' HOME.—O. S., Modesto, Cal. There is a State home for disabled United States volunteers at Yountville, Napa County, Cal., and a national home for disabled United States volunteers at Santa Monica. The general qualifications for admission are that the applicant must be an honorably discharged soldier and there must be disability which prevents the applicant from earning a living by labor. For specific information on the subject address a letter of inquiry to the commandant of each home.

LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE



PREFERS TO STAY IN JAIL.

Kind Lady—Wouldn't you like to spend your Sundays with your wife and children, poor man? Prisoner—No, ma'am. It's wives and children. I'm in here for bigamy.



HIS JOKE.

Nocoyne—If any one calls, tell them I'm asleep. Office-Boy—But that would be lying. Nocoyne—Sure; you don't expect me to sleep standing, do you?



HER HELPMATE.

Katherine—She's a great bargain find. Kidder—Her husband looks like a remnant.



WOMAN'S WORK.

Mrs. Oldwed—Woman's work is never done. Mr. Oldwed—And lots of it is never started.